

MAD RIG AL i.



POWERS Celestial! with what
sophistry Took She delight, to blank
my heart by sorrow! And in such
riddles, act my tragedy : Making this day,
for hirii; for me, to-morrow t Where shall I
Sonnets borrow ?

Where shall I find breasts, sides, and
tongue. Which my great wrongs might to the
world dispense ?

Where my defence ?

My physic, where ? For how can I live
long, That have foregone my Heart ? I'll
steal from hence,
From restless souls, mine hymns! from seas,
rny tears ! From winds, my sides ! from concave
rocks and steel My sides and voice's echo !
reeds which feel Calm blasts still moving, which
the shepherd bears For wailful plaints, my
tongue shall be ' The land unknown to rest and
comfort me.

MAD RIG AL 2.



!GHT not this be for man's more
certainty,

By Nature's laws enact it. That
those which do true meaning falsify,
Making such bargains as were
precontractit, Should forfeit freelege of
love's tenancy

To th' plaintiff grieved, if he exact it.
Think on my love, thy faith! yet hast thou
cracked it. Nor Nature, Reason, Love, nor
Faith can make thee To pity me ! My
prisoned heart to pity, Sighs, no fit incense,
nor my plaints can wake thee! Thy nose, from
savour, and thine ears, from sound

Stopped and obdurate, nought could
shake thee! Think on, when thou such
pleasure found To read my lines ! and
reading, termed their witty! Whiles lines, for
love; and brains, for beauty witless ; I for
Thee, fever scorched; yet Thou still fitless!